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FRIENDLY ADDRESS.

In the absence of other suitable matter from the EDITOR, we give below some extracts from a letter from his pen, in reply to one received from the HON. JOHN BOWRING, of England. As it is not of a private nature, and as the sentiments and thoughts have a world-wide application, we trust they will be read with interest by the friends of Peace in this country.

T. D.

Worcester, Mass. U. S. A., April, 29, 1846.

HON. JOHN BOWRING,

Honorable and Esteemed Sir,—Accept, “thou great and good heart,” the profound gratitude of an humble man for the expression of good will and generous benevolence conveyed to me in your favor of the 23d ult. You can easily conceive with what surprise and pleasure I read your words of brotherly kindness. And it enhanced my emotions of gladness, that these words were inspired by a rich sympathy with a cause dearer to me than self. I have long known and admired your character, as a philanthropist, a scholar, and a Christian. I have rejoiced with others in this country, that the Heaven-born cause of Peace had such an advocate in the British Parliament, and in the uppermost circles of English society. May Heaven, and all who hope for Heaven, bless you and Brotherton, for lifting up your voices in the house of Commons against the upreaching blasphemy of war, when the vote of thanks to the army of India was moved. There was more of true courage and heroism in that act, than in all the deeds of violence that have reddened the plains of India this year. And a new heroic age has opened upon humanity, in very deed; when the spirit, not the sign of the cross, must create a new order of knighthood, which shall perform such deeds of Christian chivalry over the Sepulchre of the Gospel of Peace, as to rescue it from it the Saracen selfishness and sophistry which have sought to stain its love breathing leaves with human blood, and put its message trumpet into the Iron lips of war. Is it too much to suppose, that no songs sung on earth are such music to Satan’s ear, as the *Te Deums* performed in Christian churches for victories on the battle field? It seems to me that he would delight to pitch the tune of such songs with his hell-fork every day in the year. For his kingdom will prevail in the hearts of men so long as he can induce Christians to ascribe the glory and success of war to God, rather than to the devil. Had the devil been burnt in effigy at the end of every battle, as the instigator of the butchery on both sides, and the throne of God left intact by the bloody handed oblations of professing Christians, that great Deified cannibal, war, would have long ago been exterminated from the abodes of men. Oh! what a terrible libel on the

God of love and father of mankind, to ascribe the issue of their Indian battles, or any other waged in earth, to His presence and spirit!

I long to see the day, when the statesmen of your country and mine, shall apprehend the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, as indicated by Divine Providence. When they shall see clearly that that race is one people in the most social elements of unity; and that they are set apart from all other nations as God's peculiar people, in which all other tribes of men will not only be blessed but absorbed; that they are to fill the whole earth with the light of Christianity and civilization, to fuse mankind into one race and brotherhood, until all the inhabitants of the earth shall speak the English language; when they shall fully perceive this, and know that the consummation of this glorious destiny depends upon their dwelling together in unity, and laboring together in unity, surely they will never let the Idea of *War* enter their hearts. War between the two countries thus related to each other, to God and humanity! as well—far better—might the *Siamese twins* talk of going to war with each other, when the death of one would destroy the survivor! The ligament that binds us together is more vital than the one connecting that singular pair of human beings. The rest of the race would bleed out of its inmost heart, if our two nations should lift up the sword against each other. Banished forever be the thought of war between us, for we are brethren. There is room enough, and to spare, for us all. The whole Continent of humanity must be *Saxonized*, and not an English or American life can be sacrificed for territory. * *

THE WARRIOR.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

See him there! with his rich dress all dyed with the blood of men. He stands there right in God's blessed sunshine *without a blush?*

There is a father bending to the hero—there, a mother lavishing smiles upon him, and, see, a maiden flings a bouquet of flowers at his feet. Ask them what he has done to deserve such homage, and they will answer "He is a great warrior! A defender of his country!" But ask Simple Truth, and the answer will be, he was the leader of a band of men—*perhaps Christians*—who went out to stab and kill another similar body. In their company were the young and noble-hearted, who were compelled to fight, or seduced into it. Many a warm-hearted youth lay down to his last sleep upon that battle-field. Many a one who was promised Glory